

Mrs D Weaver

AND SHE DOES HER OWN WORK, TOO
Ludi Mai Sensabaugh Goode

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AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.

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And She Does Her Own Work, Too

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Ludi Mai Sensabaugh Goode, *Alpha Upsilon*

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ANCHOR "WHY, hello, I'm so glad to see you. I haven't seen you for ages. Come back and take a look at the baby."

And with this cordial, but commonplace greeting, I was ushered into the upstairs apartment of Mrs. Durwood F. Weaver. Commonplace greeting, did I say? But of course, I've failed to tell you that my hostess is blind, totally blind; so her greeting takes on a new meaning, don't you agree?

It is the easy use of this word "see" in the conversation of the blind that really amazes me. These people, handicapped by loss of sight, are so eager to appear entirely normal, and so anxious for us to feel at ease with them that they use freely, such terms of common speech. And with the really rehabilitated blind we do feel that sense of ease, with no sense of embarrassment, and certainly no sense of pity. It is a constant source of wonderment to me that blind people can appear so entirely unhandicapped by their impediment. They "look" straight into your face when talking with you, and hold out their hands to clasp yours with unerring direction. On familiar territory, they walk steadily and surely and seem to need only casual guidance over a strange ground.

But—to return to my story. I have known Kitty Weaver for several years and have watched her activities with a great deal of interest. Her early history was tragic, because at the age of six, a normal happy little girl playing around a building under construction, she fell and injured her eyes in such a way that her vision was gone forever. What a difficult task, to adjust the life of a little girl who was just beginning to view the interesting things of this world with intelligence and understanding, to a world of visual darkness.

For her schooling, she was sent to the State School for the Blind in Austin, Texas. There, she learned what other normal children learned, and for her particular interest she studied piano. Upon her return to Dallas, she associated herself with the Lighthouse and became particu-

larly interested in weaving. It was here that I first met her, behind one of the big looms that the Dallas Delta Gamma alumnae had purchased for the Lighthouse, humming happily while she wove rugs with design intricate enough to tax the skill of a sighted person. Her name then, was Kitty Gross.

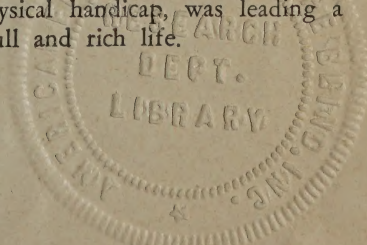
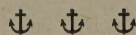
On January 8, 1941, Kitty was married; and, like most any other housewife she started keeping herself busy about the house with cleaning and cooking, even having time to enjoy a hobby outside her home. She became interested in working up readings and reviews, and started appearing before various clubs to give book reviews. She has a sweet voice and a charming manner of presentation, and she was well on her way to making a nice career for herself, when she had to retire for the advent of little John Durwood. But she hopes to start reviewing again, as soon as she can find some one to help her take care of the baby.

"Isn't he precious," she said, "I don't know what I did with my time before he came. By the way, how did you fix pabulum for your children when they were babies?—and do you think tomato juice is as good as orange juice?"

And so we sat and talked, as women do, about our respective confinements, about babies' schedules and formulae, and we gurgled at John Durwood, a fine, plump, beautiful baby, and soon it was time for me to go.

I was half way down the stairway before the realization came over me "why that girl can't see. She's up there cooking meals and keeping house and taking care of that baby all by herself, and doing a grand job, and she can't see! How wonderfully well she has adjusted her life."

As I walked out to my car, I had no feeling of pity for this girl who could not see. I merely felt a warm glow in my heart because I had spent a few minutes chatting with a happy, contented woman, a woman who, in spite of a physical handicap, was leading a normal and full and rich life.



WHAT PRICE VISION?

Out in Los Angeles our Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children is doing its best to give these little boys and girls a happy start in life, to make them unafraid, self-confident, and independent. In the five years since the founding of the school, we have seen frightened silent babies become gay chattering little people and have watched them successfully begin their careers in school.

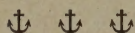
The ever-increasing financial demands of the war make it more difficult for us to meet our school's budget. We do need your help—both you as an individual and you as an alumnae association or chapter. If you, as yet, have found no definite project plan, won't you send your contributions to the treasurer of our Nursery School Board—Mrs. Bessie G. Hazard, 332 South McCadden Place, Los Angeles 5, California?

Virginia Harvey Lewis, Phi, Becomes Fraternity Project Representative for Province II

✚ MRS. H. B. LEWIS (Virginia Harvey, *Phi*), 111 Elmwood Avenue, Narbeth, Pennsylvania, attended the University of Colorado, was initiated into *Phi* chapter, Class of 1926. Her husband "Hap" was a Delta Tau Delta, 1925. His work with the Curtis Publishing Company brought him to the home office as regional sales manager. They have two sons, Robin, age 15 and Tommy, 14, and a daughter, Virginia, age 9. Both boys are very active in scouting and like to build model airplanes. The

little girl likes dancing and dolls. Mrs. Lewis does Volunteer Nurses Aide at the graduate hospital in Philadelphia which is a Delta Gamma project. This winter, she has been drawing and painting again after putting it aside for many years. Mrs. Lewis says: "The family encourages me; they think Mom is good, but they like my cooking better!"

LOIS RICHTER, *Chairman of Delta Gamma Fraternity Project*



Food Packaging for American Prisoners of War

(Continued from page 351)

wounded, captured, or killed in service. These stars appear all too frequently. Small wonder our task is accomplished quietly, efficiently, and gladly. I am told that one thousand women from the Chicago area are listed as regular workers, and that over four hundred of us have been working since the week the center opened. Helen Davidson Hawes, *Sigma*, Lucille Roebuck Keeler, *Sigma*, Dorothea Bull Behnke, *Sigma*,

Jean Hatfield Barclay, *Xi*, and I are the only Delta Gammas I happen to know who are doing this work, but doubtless there are others.

After the day's job is done, we confess to weariness, for the work is fast and exacting, but we always experience a glow of satisfaction in the knowledge that here is one way, infinitely worth while where we can be of service.

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